Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate,
But thou ſhalt know thy intreſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtolne from foorth thy gate.
For me I am the miſtreſſe of my fate,
And with my treſpaſſe neuer will diſpence,
Till life to death acquit my forſt offence.

I will not poyſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuſes,
My ſable ground of ſinne I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe nights abuſes.
My tongue ſhall vtter all, mine eyes like ſluces,
As from a mountaine ſpring that feeds a dale,
Shal guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow,
And ſolemne night with ſlow ſad gate deſcended
To ouglie Hell, when loe the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.
But cloudie LVCRECE ſhames her ſelfe to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſtred be.

Reuealing